UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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WEST AND EAST

The naked West, of mists and shadows reared
The little infant of the mystic East,
And countless years and ages rolled away;
The little infant grew to womanhood.
Proud of her western virtues she saw not
The beauties of her sister of the East,
Coiled in the web of many creeds outworn;
But revelled in her own, and so forgot
Her orient birth and faith that sprang from love.

To them who higher soar and see aright,
The world's delights and sorrows are but one,
The mystic caverns of the Eastern Saint,
The laughing bowers of the Western Sage;
And in the lisping of the child they see
Life's ecstasy, and its serenity
In tott'ring sounds of age, with equal love;
And oft in visions of despair they saw
The ever-separating East and West.
The God that gave the rose its hue gave, too,
The odor to the lily of the East.
"And let us weave with loving hands," they said,
"A garland of the lily and the rose."
At last, with joyous hearts, they looked around,
And saw one world, the World of East and West
Enfolded in each other's loving arms!
"One fatherhood, the fatherhood of God,
One brotherhood, the brotherhood of Man,
One creed, the creed of Love and Righteousness."

T. Rama Krishna (of Madras, South India.)
Read at the Races Congress, London, July,

A friend, himself a shoe man, sends the following definition of a "growing girl's boot," taken from the *Boot and Shoe Recorder*:

A "growing girl's" boot is one built over a last with a slight raise in the arch and with a little narrower toe than the ordinary children's or misses's shoe. It is intended to train and prepare the growing feet of young girls for the high arches and narrower toes of the modern women's boot.

No wonder that the modern woman's foot finds "ample room and is perfectly comfortable" in the sharp-pointed prison that fashion has prescribed for it. Of course, the foot should be made to conform to the shoe that is in style rather than that the shoe should conform to the foot if it be out of style.

BE SURE AND GET YOUR SUPPLIES FOR SUNDAY ON SATURDAY! This is the "Notice to Campers" in the Lithia Springs *Chautauqua Bulletin* for 1911. It is as good advice for the home as it is for the camp, for winter as for summer. This thoughtfulness secures a day of rest not only for "my lady" and her automobile "lord," but her maid, her butcher and grocer, her gardener, and, so far as possible, the milkman. We believe in *rest day* legislation. The well-being of the developed community as well as of the individual demands it. One day of rest is an economic as well as a physical necessity. But Sunday legislation counts for but little where there is not a Sunday disposition, a psychic preparation. This day of rest to the body and spiritual refreshment to the soul is a sociological prophecy, a looking forward, not a theological dogma harking back to old-time "blue-laws."

From a private letter written by a young woman who is a university graduate to her minister, on leaving her home to take up her life work:

I shall greatly miss the church and, above all, the Class in Religion. I realize that the sermons and weekly studies have been a wonderful inspiration and enlightenment to me. I only hope that I may find where I go some kindred religious fellowship.

The minister's reply:

. . . . I am particularly pleased with what you say concerning the church privileges, and your readiness to serve in the same. It is not enough to say that I greatly regret the loss of such a willing and intelligent worker as you are proving yourself increasingly. But why should services, based on such an understanding as yours of the organized functions of religion, be so seldom appreciated by our college boys and girls? You know I am no "grumbler" among young people, but you know how few of the girls, who, like yourself, have enjoyed University privileges, and have come back into our Chicago life, have sought, must less found, a congenial field of social activities in the church. All of this argues that there must be a serious defect either in the church or in the young men and women whose "culture" has disqualified them for co-operative work along the democratic lines of the church, which aims to bring old and young, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, rich and poor, within the field of its activities. I am willing to make generous admissions concerning the inefficiencies of the church. I have spent too much time perhaps in discovering and trying to remedy these deficiencies, but after all these admissions are made, is there not something wanting in the lives of these young men and women, and something to be regretted in the academic training that renders them indifferent, if not antagonistic, to co-operative work in the ethical and religious field? Think of it wherever you go, and if, as you think of it, you find any wisdom on this subject, pray give me the benefit of it.

A recent meeting of a number of "Republicans interested in good government," held at the Union League Club of Chicago, adopted the following principles:

The undersigned associate themselves together for the purpose of working in the Republican party for the adoption of progressive and popular measures by the party and the nomination for office of men who will put them into effect.

To accomplish this, it is the purpose of the undersigned to bring together all elements, organizations, and factions which are unselfishly interested in continuing the Republican party as a power to promote patriotic and progressive policies to the end that the party may become united and be guided by men holding these views.

In order to carry out these principles it was deemed

wise to organize a Committee of One Hundred, whose reputation and well-known standing in the community should be such as to command the confidence and respect of all men looking for better political conditions. An array of worthy names is already announced, and doubtless the Committee of One Hundred will be promptly formed and many will watch the results anxiously. There is a rapidly increasing class, to whom, as to the present writer, the Republican Party was the party of their youth, the party of many hopes, and who are still loyal to the ideals of Lincoln's party, but who have sadly found that they can square their consciences best as Independents, holding themselves free to select acceptable candidates wherever they may be found and free to criticise whenever judgment so dictates. Many of these are beginning to feel that the Republican party, as such, is beyond saving unless it be "by fire." It must be tried by merited defeats. This is not saying that salvation lies in or through any of the other parties as now formulated. These Independents constitute the noble army of scratchers, whose increase is the hope of the country, for they hold in any emergency the balance of power, and if they support the best man wherever he may be found, there will be evolved the party of the honest man,—the party who will regard men above dollars and measures of more importance than office, the common-wealth of far more importance than wealth, the public weal of greater significance than party platforms. When this Committee of One Hundred is formed it may be in the line of their opportunity to help defeat many Republicans and, perhaps for the time being, the Republican party, in the interest of the salvation they seek.

Minneapolis, following the lead of Chicago and several other cities, has had a Vice Commission, the report of which is before us in an attractive pamphlet of 134 pages. The commission consisted of fifteen members, representing the university, the medical, legislative, and ministerial professions, and solid men of business. The chairman of the commission, whose clever pen we suspect shaped the report, is the Rev. Marion D. Shutter; the secretary, Mr. Eugene T. Lies. The commission traveled essentially the same road which the larger commission traveled through the more perplexing vice wilderness of Chicago. It presents the present state laws and city ordinances, traces the history and reveals the present status of the social evil in Minneapolis, and applies itself to the question, what is to be done about it. The answer is cautiously groped after by the light of experience and the most expert judgment available. Of course any consideration at short range of the social evil in any city must grapple with the question of segregation in some locality which is aptly described as "a district devoted to the practice and promotion of commercialized vice." The arguments pro and con are fairly presented; the question of medical inspection is presented in the light of theory and the light of fact, and seven or eight pages are given to the experience and methods of other cities. The conclusion of the whole matter forced upon the commission is that there is no escape from the task of the enforcement of law. Segregation does not segregate; it is not necessary to the business of the town; there is no section ready to receive such a damnation, and to attempt it is to hopelessly corrupt the police and vitiate the whole logic of government. Education, larger recreation facilities, better economic conditions, institutions of prevention, detention homes for girls, as well as for boys, are obvious instrumentalities within the reach of every large city, and the work of rescue and reform brings practical results that ought to justify greater persistence. Here is the final conclusion of the whole matter: "Enforcement of law against public prostitution is unassailable." The whole pamphlet is well worth reading by whoever is interested in public welfare, whether residents of a village or a municipality. Doubtless copies can be obtained on application to Stiles P. Jones, Secretary, Minneapolis Voters' League, Minneapolis.

The following tribute by Harold Bisbee to his grandfather, the Rev. William G. Babcock, of Boston, touches tenderly the hearts of many readers of UNITY, especially of the Senior Editor, who for forty years has enjoyed his comradeship with this minister to little children. The companionship began before the triumphant spirit was shut within the walls of deafness, but it continued through the long years of silence in the way of occasional signals across the distances, reassuring us that he was still of the UNITY household, welcoming its visits and approving its message. Such a life reminds us that it is no longer three-score and ten, but four-score and ten that measures the full life of the temperate and the faithful. We are glad to make this tribute of the loving grandson available to our readers:

The passing away of a soul like that of Rev. William G. Babcock, calls for a halt in our busy lives. Here was a man who, bearing for forty years the fearful burden of almost total deafness as if it were a grace rather than an infirmity, constituted himself an example of uprightness, cheerfulness, and benevolence. I have often been impressed by his unusual facility in saying just the right thing at the right time. What an important art this—to rub off the corners of conversation and keep the ball rolling smoothly, thus putting one's company at ease. The well-springs of his nature were of crystal purity and all his actions and words retained the spotless chastity of their

source—a rare phenomenon in man. His mode of life was simple; he lived for enduring things, and at an early age he well understood that definition of success, —content with noble pursuits.

To my mind he embodied the fundamental principle of education, thoroughness, a word forgotten by many who, in their bewilderment at all knowledge, find nothing worth doing well. Known in college as "mathematical Babcock," he by no means neglected the humanities of life. "An active abolitionist in war times," my mother says, "the death of old John Brown found him tolling alone the bells of his church, and again in that church addressing a body of labor strikers in whose behalf he lost his salary."

His humble home extended hospitality to Phillips, Garrison, Lucy Stone, and other like reformers.

Finally, in later years, he became a "minister to children, generations of whom now rise to call him blessed." So writes my mother.

I conclude, his life, a consecration to virtue, his death, an exaltation of holiness, such a man can never die, and it is for us, his descendants and friends of a younger generation, to so enshrine his image in our minds that through our own inspired lives he may live on and on, forever.

The fourth International Good Roads Congress that is to meet in Chicago, September 18 to October 1, 1911, is one of the hopeful signs of the time. The first congress of this nature was held ten years ago in the city of Buffalo. The agitation then begun has borne good fruit, but the work is only begun. One of the prophetic utterances of Charles Sumner was the following: "The two great forces for the advancement of civilization are the schoolmaster and good roads." The schoolmaster has been more effectively exploited in the United States in the past than have good roads, and this convention is one more of the many appeals to public intelligence along these lines. The Hon. William Sulzer, a representative in the lower house of Congress from New York, has made himself the honored leader in this direction in congressional circles. On the 2nd of March last he brought before the attention of the house, with suitable introduction, valuable material bearing upon this subject, all of which has been published in the Congressional Record of that State. This four-page leaflet is an encyclopedic presentation of the "Good Roads" question, and we commend it to the attention of the patriotic public,—to those who have not as well as those who have, automobiles. This Chicago Congress will be the guest of the joint National Illinois and Chicago Good Roads Association and the Chicago Association of Commerce. The Hon. Arthur C. Jackson is president of the national organization, and Anna M. Grady is secretary and treasurer. There is one phase of this "Good Roads" problem which, so far as we have observed, has not been adequately developed by these road-makers; namely, the co-operation of railroads in the making of such roads. By *grace* if they will, by *legislation* if we must, railroads should be induced to carry road-making material at nominal cost through vast stretches of the prairie and other flat countries, for it is quite possible to lay the arterial high-ways alongside of the railroad track. If, then, these railroads would carry the surfacing material from the most convenient centers and unload it at convenient intervals, it could be laid at a minimum cost on the surface of the adjoining wagon road, greatly to the mutual benefit of the railroads and the community for whose benefit the railroads exist. Some of the most active and intelligent members at this great "peace congress,"—for such a Good Roads Convention is,—should be the railroad men. They not only know and appreciate the need of good roads, but they to a large extent control the means of making them. A road is a public utility, whether it be for transportation with locomotive, automobile, horse, ox, or foot-power. Logically all roads should represent one vast interest, and eventually they must be brought under the same general system of construction, control and ownership.

Another New Volume

This issue begins the sixty-eighth volume of UNITY, the last half of the thirty-fourth year of its age, and it felicitates itself that it is still alive. That it has lived so long is a source of continual surprise to those who know and love it best. Many of the friends who started out with it, who prophecied for it an early death, are not only surprised but perhaps disappointed that it has failed to make this prophecy true.

Anniversaries have become monotonous. We have no new program, no high promises or golden dreams to exploit. We simply promise to continue to keep our shoulders to the collar as long as we can keep faith with the printer, the paper-maker and the post-office. This faith has not been broken, and for thirty-three years and a half we have not failed to meet our engagements with our readers.

There is a UNITY Endowment Fund forming. We have reported it from time to time in these columns, and further report is expected from time to time. It is growing. We thought there were grateful readers enough who would bestir themselves in behalf of UNITY at the end of its thirty years' life to lay at its feet a $30,000 fund as an indication of their faith in its message, perhaps of gratitude for its message. The demand may have been audacious, the response has certainly been deliberate. Perhaps we miscalculated the length of time necessary, but we still believe it will be accomplished. At least provisional arrangement has been made to prolong the life of this thirty-three year old bantling for another year and a half. And let us hope that the favored

readers of UNITY, touched by the generosity of those who have but little of this world's goods, will catch the spirit, see their opportunity, and make their faith and our faith good.

Meanwhile we enter into the assurance with which our friend and colleague, Charles F. Dole of Boston, greets in an open letter his parishioners of the First Congregational Society of Jamaica Plain. He began his pastorate over this society in June, 1876. UNITY began to organize its parish twenty months later, the 1st of March, 1878, and side by side we have worked these thirty-three years, sustained by a common faith and the high hope engendered by the same. We may make room for the entire letter in some future issue. If so it will do no harm to anticipate, and to appropriate his words in this, our editorial greeting at the beginning of another volume. He will pardon us for making his words our own:

I am sure, finally, that we live in an eventful time. Human history discloses no more stirring or interesting period. The most tremendous problems are before us filled with practical moment. I know not when there was ever a more urgent call to serious thought, to earnestness, to generous civic and public devotion. The wonderful developments of our material civilization only go to show how barren of happiness they are unless man can work out a spiritual civilization so hardy, patient and humane as to control and temper and distribute our vast new wealth for the largest possible welfare of mankind. The church needs to be far better adapted than it is now to this work, while the need of what the church stands for seems more tremendous and imperative than ever.

SONG OF THE FLYERS

We who play with the strong winds of heaven
  May be shattered by their fearful mirth;
We who for their comradeship have striven
  May be tossed, like vagrant leaves, to earth:
Yet we ride, to still our mighty yearning,
  On the changeful billows of their breath;
Pledge us, lest at some ethereal turning
  We may meet the mist-white face of Death.

Few may hear the siren voice that calls us;
  Few may follow on our perilous path,
Know the whispered menace that appals us,
  When the gale's wild laughter swells to wrath.
Frail, too frail, the buoyant wings upbearing
  Hearts that face the hazard of the flight.
Greet us, as we snatch our day of daring
  From the very threshold of the night.

From the clasp of earth, like gods upspringing,
  Rapt in the wide wonder of our dream,
In our ears the shrill wind-voices singing,
  In our eyes the void's supernal gleam,
We have dared the eddying storms to bear us.
  Plunged within the vortex of their strife;
Victors then, though Death himself should snare us—
  We have touched the flaming verge of Life.

—*Marion Couthouy Smith, in the "Century Magazine."*

SETTING SAIL

Exultation is the going
  Of an inland soul to sea,
Past the houses, past the headlands,
  Into deep eternity!

Bred as we, among the mountains,
  Can the sailor understand
The divine intoxication
  Of the first league out from land?

—*Emily Dickinson.*

THE PULPIT

Thackeray: The Religion of a Gentleman

SERMON PREACHED JUNE 18, 1911, IN THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, BY REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

Blessed are the Gentle—Matthew V:5.

Within a few days, all over the land and beyond the seas, men will gather to pay honor to Thackeray, on the centennial of his birth. Surely no man was ever more worthy of the tribute of his fellows, alike for his nobility of character, his kindness of heart and his great genius. He was, as Carlyle said, "a big, hungry, weeping man, a mass of soul, with a vein of gold in him." Nor do we forget that he was perhaps the most truly religious of all the masters of English fiction.

Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot—those three names shone like stars in the crown of Queen Victoria, and while they were of differing ray each shed authentic light. Of the three, Dickens was the humorist, Eliot the philosopher, and Thackeray by far the most perfect master of the cadences of English style. If Dickens portrayed the human under-world, with its fantastic folk, George Eliot unveiled the hidden workshop where motives are made and moral character is wrought out, while Thackeray became the historian of Vanity Fair and the foe of hypocrisy. As unlike as ever they could be, they were yet friends and fellow-workers, and each a glory to our race.

Besides his marvelous mastery of style, Thackeray had that rare power, which seems to belong to ironists, of giving a vivid life to everything that he touched. No man ever saw the whole life, not even Sophocles, though Matthew Arnold affirmed that the old Greek "saw life steadily and saw it whole." Of even Shakespeare, near as he came to it, that is not true. Nor was it true of Thackeray. There are parts of life which he did not touch—large parts, some say; the best parts, others aver. Be that as it may, in nothing that he did touch was he ever unlifelike, as, for example, both Dickens and Eliot were at times. No writer save Shakespeare and no master of fiction at all, unless it be Tolstoy, ever had quite the same power of infusing life into his characters, and into his very words. It is thus that his words live and can never lose their power for those who have ears to hear.

But the man was greater than the writer, a gentleman if ever there was one, noble, brave and true amidst the sad vicissitudes of his life. Few men have ever carried a heavier load of sorrow without losing faith or letting hope drop out of their hearts. In this respect Thackeray was incomparably greater than Dickens—deeper of soul, more strangely tender, and less dependent upon the gusts of popular applause. If we turn to the closing lines of his "Book of Snobs," we find, in a brief passage, at once a glimpse of his pet aversion and an outline of his life of fun, satire and pathos.

"I believe that such words as Fashionable, Exclusive, Aristocratic, and the like, are wicked, un-Christian epithets, that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. You, who despise your neighbor, are a snob; you, who forget your friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a snob; you,

who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a snob, as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth. To laugh at such is Mr. Punch's business. May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin—never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all."

After that order his own life was laid out for him by the Master of his days. The first years of his literary life were full of fun, rip-roaring, rollicking fun—parody, burlesque, travesty, and caricature. It was pure fun, sparkling and clean, without malice or meanness, with no intent but to delight and to disillusion, and, maybe, to rub the romance off of things the better to see them as they are. Always a big overgrown boy, his stories in those days told of rascals, swindlers, card-sharpers and other denizens of the nether world. Yellowplush was a scamp; Dawkins was a cheat; Blewitt was a bully and a fool; and even Barry Lydon died of delirium tremens in Fleet prison. All this just for fun—as Stevenson wrote of duels and grave-snatchings, wars and moonlight murders, pirate ships and hairbreadth escapes. It was the boy in him, and it stood him in good stead betimes, when, in those after days, he could forget the shadow that pursued him and dance a jig or sing a song.

As a recreation, he went snob hunting as one might go duck hunting, and he never failed to bag game. But what is a snob that he should be shot on the fly by the swift dart of wit? He is one who tries to fly high, one who pretends to be higher than he really is in society, intellect, or virtue. Not a very bad bird, and assuredly not an uncommon one, we say. At first thought it seems a waste of time for a man the size of Thackeray to devote so much time and power to it, as if one should order out the heavy artillery to bombard a bluejay. But to him such pretense was more than folly, much more. It revealed the deep-seated, ingrained hypocrisy which is demoralizing to society, ruinous to character, in that it cancels merit and prevents people from becoming what they pretend to be. It made men petty, and women cruel, while cheating them out of the joy of doing good, and being real. To this strutting, peacock vanity he opposed modesty, kindliness, and the ancient simplicities and moralities of life. And his weapon was deadly, for the one thing which vanity cannot endure is satire.

Then came a day when he laid aside the cap and bells, and took up the sharper pen of satire to tell the bitter truth. Once for all, on a vast canvas, he painted Vanity Fair—a small, petty artificial world, full of emptiness and sham, with a tiny tin god before whom men bow, and by whom they are moved to and fro like puppets in a show. Its acts are all comedies, for it is not large enough nor deep enough to be a stage for tragedy, which is a ward of human wills and passions with the moral order; whereas, in Vanity Fair, etiquette takes the place of the moral law. Becky Sharp—utterly false, selfish, vile, and successful, just when she herself is not involved, good-natured when it costs her nothing, religious when there is nothing else to try—stands as a symbol of what Vanity Fair does for the soul of a woman; as does Lily Bart, the sad queen of "The House of Mirth," drawn by the neat diction and the frosty brilliancy of Edith Wharton. So, also, in "Henry Esmond," we see the beauty, Beatrix,—and Thackeray could draw a beautiful woman, if Dickens could not,—a woman to whom gold is god, and social position is heaven; but we are made to feel the moral smallness and intellectual squalor of it all. It is a pantomimic display of mortal folly, seen by the keen eyes of a realist from his club window,—no one perfect, none utterly bad, but each having a warp of good and a woof of ill, even as it is in life when we wear the gray glasses of truth. Nor is it without its pathos, all the more poignant for the contrast, and because it is so swiftly, deftly hinted.

And there is the ever-delightful "Pendennis,"—the favorite, perhaps, among Thackeray stories,—a transcript from life, in large part, written with that simple, lucid ease and that careless inevitable grace of which he was a master. There is not a little autobiography in that record, recalling those idle, youthful years when Thackeray dearly loved to gabble and guzzle with his friends. Maginn and Mahony may not have been the best examples for a very young man of letters, for all their bonhomie and brilliancy. Nor was the Punch round table set a very proper school either of sentiment or of ethics. Much of the puppyism of Arthur is clearly reminiscent, even that part where he falls in love with the actress, who, when she learns that he has no money, "wrapped up his letters, poems, passions and fancies, like so much grocery," and returned them; but not the page where he comes back to Laura and enacts the shortest scene of love-troth in literature. Yet Pendennis, though it follows the escapades of a gay youth in old London town, is antiseptic in its purity, with never a smudge of filth nor yet devoid of romance, albeit the romance of things as they are among real lives, like our own, woven of light and shadow. Who can forget the death of Helen Pendennis, and the prayer sobbed out by the bedside,—the prayer that Jesus taught us to pray.

Now, whoso holds the mirror up to human nature, showing it just as it is,—warts, wens, wrinkles and all,—may not hope to escape blame. Nor did Thackeray, especially by the women who object to looking at themselves in his glass. And, truly, he might have found other flaws in woman than jealousy, spite, and vanity, since these are not hers alone. But his men are not more free from petty foible, when indeed they are not far worse. He only painted the scene as he saw it, and when one turns to the Memoirs of Creevy it reads like a page from Vanity Fair. He asks us not to grudge him his vanity, if he allows us ours, but rather to laugh at both indifferently, and be wise. For vanity is a blessed protection, since if the scales were to fall from our eyes, and we were to see ourselves as we are, great would be our woe. For telling the truth Thackeray was dubbed a cynic, an apostle of mediocrity, and a snob, whereas he was neither.

True enough, with Fleet Street on one side and Pall Mall on the other, he had no lack of opportunity to ripen whatever of cynicism there was in him. But who ever heard of a cynic with a tear in his eye, or a pessimist who believed good of everybody? That was Thackeray, joyous, robust, kind-hearted, spite of his tragedy—who could no more sneer than he could pick a pocket. If, as some one has said, a cynic is a man who knows the value of nothing, then Thackeray was not the man to wear the label. No one certainly was ever less a cynic than he. His love of truth was a passion; his sincerity was transparent; his heart was an alabaster box of pity. He wanted men to live a real life, without pretense, without sham

or shame, rich in kindness and in the things that are worth while,—a life befitting what we are pleased to call our souls.

But, if fun is good, and truth is better, love is best of all,—for without love all the world is vanity. He told for a while the hard truth, but as the shadows lengthened toward the sunset, and the sorrows of life grew upon him, his heart softened and his pen trembled with pathos. His wife, whom he adored, lost her mind, and became as one dead to him, though she outlived him many years. All through "The Newcomes" there sounds a mellow and haunting gentleness, and the old Colonel, without malice and without guile, whose soul was as that of a little child, may be said to be the old age of the Christ-spirit, as Little Nell is its woman side. So also the "Roundabout Papers," which are discursive, reminiscent musings on men and life and books, touched with a sweet piteousness and a humor that glistens through tears—exquisite in all the old careless grace, but melted with a strange gentleness as of one whom God had mortally wounded. To read them is an education in the love of wisdom and the wisdom of love that is half pity.

What a tragedy was the life of Thackeray—yet how manful, how brave, how tender, withal, he was through it all. He did not let his heart grow hard, as so many do under such blows, knowing that he who does so is dead already, though he may seem to live. Though he was as weak on many points as we are, yet he carried his great air; he spoke of our common life more largely and generously than we do; he saw its features more fairly, and judged it more justly. In his ballads we feel the beat and ache of his heart as he faced the mutations of time and the tragedy of hard lot, resolved to make the best of them without letting them make the worst of him,—faced them, now with cheery defiance, now with a sob that shook his giant frame, now with a mingling of antique fatalism and a simple, child-like faith. Who can read aloud those lines where the memory of his fair young wife,—dead while yet alive,—rushes over him, as he visits the scenes where he had loved and wooed her? It was a bitter cup, but there was nothing to do but drink it—

> I drink it as the fates ordain it.
> Come, fill it and have done with rhymes;
> Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
> In memory of dear old times.

There is a famous retort of an English gentleman, when he was asked about his religion, which may illustrate the religion of Thackeray. It has been attributed to Disraeli, who could no more have made it than he could have flown through the air.

"What religion are you, Mr. Rogers?" said a lady once.

"What religion, madam? I am of the religion of all sensible men."

"And what is that?" she asked.

"All sensible men, madam, keep that to themselves."

Just so it was with Thackeray, whose days were bound together by a beautiful and reverent spirit. He had no need to tell his religion, which was visible in his life like the tints in a rose, the very form and color of his soul.

"There are a set of emotions about which a man had best be shy of talking lightly—and the feelings excited by contemplating this vast, magnificent, harmonious nature are among these. The view of it inspires a delight and ecstasy which is not only hard to describe, but which has something secret in it that a man should not utter loudly. Hope, memory, humility, tender yearnings toward dear friends, and inexpressible love and reverence toward the power which created the infinite universe fill the heart with a solemn, humble happiness."

Here was a man who looked out upon the river, the hills, the infinite tender sky, and the wonder of the sea, with a sense of his own littleness in the great scheme of things, but with reverence and hope. In the fields, in the town; looking at birds in the trees; at the children in the street; in the morning or in the moonlight; over his books in his own room, at a gay party of his friends—everywhere the thought of God filled him with love and awe, with a sweet Sabbath sadness which lighted up his fine face with glory. The sound of a chapel bell brought tears to his eyes, as though its grave and kindly tones had been the voice of one much loved and long dead, evoking he knew not what strain of meditation and worship. So it was that the solemn mystery of religion pervaded his life, like a drifting perfume, hallowing all his days. It was a soft presence, a kindly shadow, like the shadow of the crosses upon the hillside and the tinkle of the bell in the valley when Henry Esmond visited the grave of his mother.

Nor does this mean that to Thackeray religion was only a vague, sweet sentiment, a mist in the eyes and a joyous sorrow in the heart. Not at all. While he knew not the turmoil of doubt which dissolved the faith of George Eliot, his religion rested upon sure foundations, Christ the chief cornerstone. Always for him, the facts of faith were as the points of the compass, and sorrow had taught him many secrets unknown to logic. To him Christ was the Eternal Tenderness, and whenever he saw an act of kindness, a deed of love, or a gesture of pity, he knew that the Master was not far away. His own life, though sadly beshadowed, was of kindness all compacted, as if the spirit of Jesus had lived again in him,—moving in dignity, pathos, and beauty.

To Thackeray the only thing worth while was to be a gentleman, by which he meant a certain limpid kindliness of soul, an obvious dignity and modesty, a softness to old memories and sweet associations, and the knack of doing good on the sly. He carried the spirit of the gentleman into religion and the spirit of religion into the life of a gentleman, and it was in accord with the fitness of things that this man, who kept to the end the faith of a little child, should die at Christmas time, bidding us goodbye at "The End of Play," with these wise and brave words:

> Come want or wealth, come good or ill,
> Let young and old accept their part,
> And bow before the Awful Will,
> And bear it with an honest heart,
> Who misses or who wins the prize.
> Go, lose or conquer as you can;
> But if you fall, or if you rise,
> Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

> Ye are not bound! the soul of things is sweet:
> The Heart of Being is celestial rest:
> Stronger than woe is will: that which was good
> Doth pass to Better—Best. —*Edwin Arnold.*

Any recognition of truth, whatever form it may take, whether that of poetic delight, intellectual corroboration, practical commonplace, or even vulgar aphorism, must be welcomed by the husbandmen of the God of growth.—*George MacDonald.*

Functional Ethics

I never saw the phrase, "Functional Ethics" in print, nor yet "Vocational Ethics," until on the calendar of this church it was announced that I would speak on the latter subject. I asked five professors supposed to be familiar with ethics, but they professed ignorance of the meaning of the subject of this address. My attention was first called to this line by Professor Beckwith, and then by a sermon by Dr. Morse on "The Evolution of Conscience."

I am here as learner rather than teacher: as Dr. Hale said at Kansas City, "I came not to answer questions but to ask questions."

We are not engaged in "a painful elaboration of the obvious," or completion of a system, but in plowing or harrowing a *bahnpfahl* (new track) to illustrate a certain method.

Something like this type of method in ethics will doubtless be pursued by many during the second decade of our century. Not merely because it finds its pedestal and its capital in the functions or vocations of the masses and, like democracy, its authority grounded in the common life; nor because, in the words of Vinet, "Christianity is conscience raised to its highest function;" not simply because our method is evolutionary; but mainly because, since Darwin and Spencer, biology and present day functional psychology afford the scientific basis, or proof, that, as Aristotle thought, life is carried on by functions; though, as he and Plato finally failed to teach (and bequeathed this failure to posterity for over twenty centuries), within, *not outside of,* these functions of individual-social life are the "grounds" of the moral ideal, and the sense of the Living or Functional Divinity.

As a result of our new biology, Darwin having proved the term "species" to be not fixed, final, and superior to change, it was natural for Spencer to recoil, in ethics, from Kant's ready-made categorical imperative, except to indicate valid intuitions as a matter of age-long growth. He connects the voluntary action of men with movements of lower animals, including infusoria.

Modern biological study has tended to confirm the best Greek thought that society is, in some sense, an organism; but it does not confirm the Greek philosophy (regnant for more than 2,000 years) that in all living forms a specific type or fixed *eidon* is present, proving, in science and morals, that every plant or animal by pre-design functions for the realization of its own perfection and some far-off ideal beyond and outside of the life-process. For Darwin proves, *e. g.*, that variations are in useless as well as useful directions. Misplaced cells in the embryo make trouble forty years later. Owing to excessive reproduction, millions are "cast as rubbish to the void." Darwin's practical conclusion is that our faith does not assign the world to chance as a whole; our science can not assign it to design in its parts. Hence the question is insoluble. Therefore, says Dewey, "the new philosophy inquires not after 'absolute' origins and 'absolute' finalities;" it simply gets busy explaining specific values and specific conditions and functions that generate them.

Plato's idea of society functioning as an organism for the good of the whole, was, even if necessary in his day, vitiated for us by his fixedness of notions, types, and classes. ("Republic," Bk. 14): "Baser classes shall permanently supply its lower functions, other classes its higher functions, and so participate in its full benefits." The analogy from modern biology we interpret in a Democracy, not as if the increasing division of labor were strictly analogous to differentiation of permanent functions (as castes or classes) in an organism, but according to actual natural history, or evolution, the higher organisms, like man, are distinguished from lower forms, like protozoa, by difference of function. Dewey somewhere explains: "Morality is activity; morality is exercise of function,' or vocation in *this* sense, in a Democracy —and this might well be the working basis of functional ethics:—in a Democracy, individuality means two things: (1) the evolution of the peculiar gifts entrusted to each; (2) the enlargement of the interests of the community; in the twentieth century of humanity itself.

This might do as a formula for twentieth century ethics. It means that our morality should rest on life as functioning for the next step forward; not on abstract intuitions or Platonic fixed "ideas."

Modern biology teaches, as Perry indicates, that from the tiniest bit of protoplasm functioning for self-preservation to Paul working for the Kingdom of God there is continuity, and the organism adjusts itself to each case according to the specific nature of the case, agreeing with Spencer's definition: "Life is a continuous adjustment of internal to external relations." If Patten is right that the modern industrial revolution has increased productive efficiency that a surplus of food is now possible, then our political economy, in which natural selection was more pronounced, must adjust itself to the new environment, prepare for the new order, and "conspire with the new works of the new day," or the new decade in the twentieth century. Natural selection seemed to be the necessary ethics of the jungle, custom the morality of the tribe, individualism a necessity in the despotic day of Kant. Utilitarianism was useful in the time of Mill as against organized greed and hoary privilege embalmed in "eternal" truths no longer tenable, but must itself be modified or enlarged.

The masses in the twentieth century Democracy will not much longer see the absolutely worth-while anywhere, unless in the bosoms and in the business of men; and moral principles will be derived mainly from daily vocations and those functions which make up three-fourths of life,—such as sweeping, sawing wood and "living with our children."

Although "functional ethics" has not appeared in print, its formula, a "pragmatic" method, not a system, appears more or less clearly in names we take at random,—Tufts, O'Shea, Baldwin, Alexander, Reid, Bergson, and especially Dewey. Moral conduct is that which so functions as truly ("truly" means with reference to function) to meet the social situation; and conduct that truly meets the social situation also furthers the agent. This accords with the golden rule; but our business will be to show how it is suggested and sustained by biology, functional logic, functional psychology, and true social function "of the people, for the people, and by the people."

CLARENCE GREELEY, A. M., PH. D.

*From a lecture given before the Fellowship Club of the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, at 122 Ashland Boulevard, June 6, 1911, Rev. M. R. Morse, Ph.D. (Leipzig), presiding.

How It Seems to Be Shipwrecked

(We think the UNITY public will be interested in the following extract from a private letter and so make no apologies for its publication.—THE EDITOR.)

Your cheerful letter was fully appreciated. We regret the anxiety we caused our friends and family, but we have had the experience and would not part with it.

The newspaper report was not given by Mr. L— but by a California man and was not correct as to our movements on the night of the wreck.

At noon on the fatal day we were given a little sketch of the Seymour Narrows, where we struck the rocks, and were told that, weather and tide permitting, we would pass through at eleven that night. Many sat up to see the ship go through, as the passage is considered the most dangerous on the route. Mrs. L— had retired but F— was on the bow of the boat with Mr. L—, and I was in my steamer chair up to a few minutes before the crash came. I had gone to my room to wind my watch and get ready for bed, but thought I would step out on deck to see where we were and was startled to see the bank covered with tall trees almost beside the ship. I had hardly time for a word when we went on the rocky point broadside, throwing me into my stateroom and awakening Mrs. L—, whose stateroom was next door. She opened her door and asked what had happened, and I said we had struck the rocks, and should stay where we were until Mr. L— and F— came to us. They were with us in a very short time, and Mr. L— tried to quiet our fears. While Mrs. L— was dressing I tried to think just what to save beside myself and F—, so I went to my purse and took out two pairs of extra glasses, leaving my money, a few jewels, such as watch fob and a few gold pins, and all my other possessions, in my stateroom. F— and I had on very heavy traveling coats but were obliged to shed them when the ship began to list and we had to climb up an incline of about forty-five degrees. We were all thrown down in a heap and could hear the water rushing in and feel the boat sinking, although she was going all the time and ran some distance before we found a place to beach. It was a tragic moment when we felt ourselves going down and saw the electric lights going out. We had been given the strength to get to the outer rail when the ship grounded, we four always staying together. When we struck, Mr. L— said, "Thank God we are safe." Upon that encouragement I said, "Well, I am going to let up a minute" (I had been holding on with a death-like grip.) We then were up on the boat deck and were obliged to slide down the length of the deck to get on a life raft which had not been shipped and Mr. L— had to cut a way with his knife. After we were once on the raft, with water nearly to our waists, we felt quite safe until an officer called to keep the boat headed well to the land so she would not get into the current and go out to sea, we being in a cove called Plumper Bay. Our raft could not get very near the shore, so we were taken off by men and helped ashore, being obliged to walk in the water for about half a block. After landing we were made as comfortable as possible by the heat of brightly burning wood fires and blankets brought from the dry side of the ship. Then we were given two large ship crackers apiece and a small keg of water was taken around to those who could take it. It was rather stale and quite discolored. Some one held services after we were put on shore and the delicate ones were cared for, and the bodies of the two poor women who died were rescued. Then, in a very little while, the crew said we would all have to move to the opposite shore because the tide had commenced to come in and would rise to a reight of thirteen feet. Some of the women started to walk around the shore but suffered terribly by the roughness of the stones and the distance. Our party waited until dawn and were then taken over in a life boat. We stayed there until about twelve o'clock on the morning of the 30th of June, when the Admiral Sampson took us on board and brought us to Seattle, a sorry looking but exceedingly happy lot of people. I really was surprised at the way I climbed the ladder on the side of the Sampson, and whom should I run into but our E— F—, one of your Sunday school boys who had been in Alaska hunting, and was now on his way home. He was very kind to us and gave us his stateroom, but I turned it over to Mrs. L— because I did not intend to get far away from the deck that night. I sat wrapped in blankets on deck all night and made a comfortable landing in the morning by simply throwing on my blankets and walking ashore, then taking a taxicab to the hotel where, much to my dismay, the carriage boy said to us, "What, no baggage?"

Everybody was kind to us except the steamship company. They would not refund passage money unless we would sign a release for any liability for baggage.

I suppose you all wondered what our feelings were at the critical moment. I don't think any of us realized how near death we were, but all tried to help one another and do all we could for ourselves. The real seriousness of the matter comes to us each day and we can only give thanks that the wonderful strength and calmness were given us by some unknown power at the right time, and that our mission on earth is still unfinished. E. A. T.

How To Elevate Country Life

Mr. Roosevelt's Commission on Country Life is showing fruit in the way of State Commissions on rural affairs, intended to bring schools, churches and town organizations into co-operation. Connecticut has been heard from and Massachusetts, as also New York and one or two of the Southern States. A very important Conference was held June 22-24 at Ames, Iowa, in connection with the State Agricultural College. The gist of the reports tells us that the social, educational and religious side of country life is lower than that in factory towns. The average school year for the country boy is 98 days against 146 days for the town child, while country schools are for the most part poorly equipped. Of two hundred and twenty-five country churches of all denominations, only 77 report any growth whatever during the past ten years, while 47 have died out. Illinois at the same time reports sixteen hundred dead country churches, and one thousand more dying. Thirty-one per cent of the rural population is nominally of the church, but only nineteen per cent attend its services. The richest and best improved communities stand the lowest in church attendance. A system is already under way to bring about a change. It drops the old-time strictly relig-

ious effort of conversion and undertakes to bring the people into co-ordinate effort for social progress. Church circuits are made up without any consideration of sect or denominational affinity, and touching every phase of country life, social, religious, educational, and recreative. Agricultural classes are established, with women's clubs, mission societies, baseball teams, Sunday-schools, all aiming at anything and everything that is clean and good; everything that appeals to the country people longing for knowledge and fun and social life,—not necessarily religious, but altogether concerning religion. Half the people of the United States are country people, and we must not let enlightened forces grow away from the country. The death of the country church is something we cannot afford to spend time in lamenting; it is altogether better to organize on a modern basis and go ahead. The Conference at Ames considers "a baseball game fully as uplifting as a sewing circle," and holds that the Sunday baseball problem can be solved most easily by giving the young folk occasional Saturday afternoons and a town playground. Working on this basis, country churches are already beginning to show life and growth. Dance halls are less attractive to young people, and they are coming into a united effort for common social welfare.

E. P. POWELL.

The Future of Religion

Hitherto the note of authority in religion has been sounded along two lines. First, there is the authority of the Roman Catholic church, which is none other than Roman Imperialism grafted on Christianity. It has held sway since the time of Constantine, but today the Papacy is weakening, as witnessed in France, Spain, Portugal and Germany. Modernism has come to stay. The Anglo-Saxon element holds the key of the future.

Next, the authority of the Bible, buttressed with metaphysical creeds and iron-clad dogmas, has been the resource of Protestantism, but in the twentieth century the ancient bulwarks are weakening, and everywhere the note is sounded that we are in a state of transition.

And yet the supreme fact remains that there is to be religion, more and better religion in the future. And the emphasis will be just where Jesus placed it, through the channel of intuition, and its authority will be that of the Spirit.

The churches of today are largely the aggregation of hostile camps, simply so many sectarian cults that can see no farther than the bungling staging which they have erected around their ecclesiastical confines.

Henceforth, the pursuit of humanity must no longer be "Authority for the Truth, but Truth for Authority." When will men and women, intent on seeking and following "Queen Truth," come out into the open and realize with the Master light of all, that vital religion, good for time, adequate for eternity, is simply the assurance that the ever-living God is with us here and now, and, perforce, will be with us forever and beyond?

NATHAN S. HILL.

All Souls Church, Springville, N. Y.

THE STUDY TABLE

Martin Luther

Martin Luther was one of those Titanic natures who are the product of the robust forces of an age when a vigorous flow of human energy finds open wide doors of opportunity. The period of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was an age of discovery when whole new continents were found; it was the age which produced the Elizabethan dramatists, Shakespeare and his forerunners and contemporaries; it was an age of beginnings in many regions of thought and action.

Such an age always repays renewed study, and the study is doubly suggestive and interesting when it finds a man like Luther for its center. A glance at the catalogue of any great library will show that more has been written about Luther than about any man who ever lived, save one. At the same time recent research has discovered much new material which has greatly changed our knowledge of the man, including the Commentary on Romans, which is of priceless value for its biographical interest. There is, therefore, good reason for the publication of a new life of Luther, especially in the English language. ("The Life and Letters of Martin Luther, by Preserved Smith—Houghton, Mifflin Co., $3.50 net.)

The impulse which drove Luther to his break with the Roman Church was not primarily moral, but religious. The first causes of the Reformation are an illustration of how voids of faith and feeling have caused currents of thought and action to flow toward vital centers from which have in turn gone forth great forces affecting every region of human experience and achievement. For while the impulse which drove Luther was primarily religious, it produced moral, and even material, effects of tremendous reach. There are many passages in his sermons and commentaries, written before his open break with Rome, which show his shrewd observation and his sharp condemnation of the evil in current conduct, of the wickedness in high places, of the rottenness in Church and State.

The revolt from Rome had other causes besides those purely religious, those set in motion by Luther. It promised to the man of religious temperament a purer faith; to the patriotic German a stronger country freed from a foreign yoke; to the lower classes a millennium of universal brotherhood, equality and freedom. The hopes of all these parties were not destined to be realized; but all were willing to join in a common movement for their special ends, and it was this union and interaction of forces which produced that great revolution usually known as the Reformation.

The biographer shows how Luther was the center and soul of these stirring times. There is hardly a more interesting example of the effect of external forces and conditions upon a man's personality, and the influence of the personality on the flow of events. As Professor Harmack, speaking of the earlier years of Luther's public career, has said: "It seemed as if his spirit would attract to itself and mold into a wonderful unity all that the age had of living vigor; as if to him, as to no one before, the power had been given to make his personality the spiritual center of the nation, and to summon his country into the lists, armed with every weapon."

Luther was first of all a man of the people; and he never outgrew the crassness of speech and manner of his peasant inheritance. But this very fact enabled him to speak with an accent which reached both the people and the princes. He impersonated the populace and compelled popes and princes to listen and to heed. He was an opportunist in the good sense of that word. He was the first man to make full use of the press as an agent for appealing to public opinion. By this means he quickly won the support of thousands of his countrymen and of many people outside Germany. It would be difficult to find a more forceful tract for the times than the "Address to the German Nobility;" and it was tremendous and immediate in its popular success. This lay in the seasonableness of its strong words, which expressed what thousands were thinking and what all desired.

It is a delight to study Luther as a man. Much of his effectiveness as a reformer is due to certain qualities of his temperament. With all the robustness of his nature he had a tender heart; and his love for the people and their children was widely felt. He could speak the tongue of the people; hence the immediate popularity of his writings and the marvellous success in translating the Bible into the vernacular, an achievement which in itself stands unparalleled. He had a deep sense of the social value of the home, a thing not to be taken for granted by any means in that age. He was a strong hater of shams and hypocrisies, of which both the papacy and the princely governments of the times were full to overflowing. It must be confessed that he also appears at times to be a hater of *men,* which is due in large measure to the imperfect conception of personality which still prevailed. A ruler, or a bishop, might, for instance, be revered by virtue of his office, as a prince by divine right; the same person might be heartily hated and reviled as a man of cruelty or injustice or unbelief. At the same time Luther had a sense of proportion which tended in the long run to balance his personal attitudes; and it certainly proved a great help in keeping up his courage and in aiding his cause. S. M. Crothers has well characterized this quality: "He was one of the few reformers whose zeal was tipped with humor. His thought penetrates where another man's is only shattered. He struck heavy blows at the idols which men adored. But he was such a genial, whole-souled iconoclast that those who were most shocked at him could not help liking him—between times. He would give a smashing blow at the idol, and then a warm hand-grasp and a hearty 'God bless you' to the idolater; and then idolater and iconoclast would be down on the floor together, trying to see if there were any pieces of the idol worth saving. . . . . Men were conscious of a good humor even in his invective; for he usually gave them time to see the kindly twinkle in his eye before he knocked them down."

It was a difficult task to build the church anew, to perfect a form of worship and teaching which should not be too violent a break with the heart of tradition, but free from the artificialities and monstrosities which had grown up about the forms and symbols of the faith. That he might render the Bible into a language which the people would understand he talked with all manner of simple folk in order to catch the vernacular. He became a hymn-writer after forty, to supply the need of religious songs in which all the congregation could join. But both priests and people were ignorant of even the rudiments of learning. Luther persuaded the governments of provinces and towns, where princes and people were friendly to his cause, to start schools, and so laid the foundations of public education.

If Johnson had his Boswell, Luther had a round dozen who, while guests at his hospitable board, took notes of his conversation—and thus arose the famous table-talk. "The conversations deal with every subject which could possibly have come within the range of Luther's experience. He discusses his whole system of doctrine and philosophy; he speaks of books, ancient and modern, of history, of his contemporaries, of politics, and of nature. He makes jokes and tells many a tale of the world, the devil and the flesh." Compared with his human breadth and refreshing unreserve, the table-talk of Coleridge and others who talked for literary effect, is dry, labored and jejune.

As a writer Luther breaks all records, being the author of some four hundred and twenty works, large and small. In this plethoric product of the pen there is a large field for criticism. But with all his faults, Luther remains one of the greatest of writers. No English writer of l' time can be compared with him. He prepared the way for Shakespeare and Milton and Burke. "It is well known," says the biographer, "that Goethe and Lessing and many another great German author drank deep of the great river of his inspiration." Thomas Carlyle, in his suggestive, impressionistic way, thus hits off his qualities: "In no books have I found a more robust, I will say *noble,* faculty of a man than in these of Luther. A rugged, honest, homeliness; simplicity; a rugged sterling sense and strength. He flashes out illumination; his smiting, idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter. Good humor, too, nay tender affection, nobleness and depth: this man could have been a poet too!" And Michelet, the greater historian of France describes him thus vividly: "See how Luther appears. Sublime and ridiculous (bouffon) musician of this Yule-tide; mirthful, angry and terrible; an Aristophanic David, something between Moses and Rabelais. Nay, more than all that, the People, or, as he magnificently named the people: My Lord Everybody (*Herr Omnes*). This Lord is in Luther."

This new biography is modest in its treatment of the doctrinal and ecclesiastical controversies involved in the Protestant Reformation. This is an advantage rather than the contrary. The main points and chief questions are set forth with sufficient clearness. There is an exhaustive bibliography in the appendix to guide the student in more detailed study. The letters of the reformer—he was a prolific letter-writer—are used aptly and with moderation to throw light on his life and work. We learn truly that Luther was far from being a modern man in his interest and sympathies. The old ecclesiastical fetters were broken, but the theological bondage of the past continued; and it remained for a much later period to complete the work he had only begun. O. C. HELMING.

Tower Hill, Wis.

Better to feel a love within
Than to be lovely to the sight!
Better a homely tenderness
Than beauty's wild delight!

—*George MacDonald.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

DR. BORIS SIDIS' ATTACK ON SCHOOL METHODS

Much comment was made early in the summer (and it is likely to be continued) by a little book entitled "Philistine and Genius," by Dr. Boris Sidis, the well-known physician and psychologist of Brookline, Mass., whose most recent reputation has been associated with that of his "marvelous boy." Doctor Sidis believes that, by proper education, a great race can yet be developed in this country, surpassing in brilliancy the ancient Greeks, but our present methods are not adapted to this end. Not only is there failure to lay the necessary solid basis in early childhood, but "we do not even take care to clear the ground."

The child's mind is poisoned by fairy tales, folk stories, silly games, creeds and dogmas, so that it becomes "a prey to all sorts of fatal germs of mental diseases and moral depravity." Human life is thus spoiled at the beginning. A legacy of enfeebled mind and body is imposed upon it, so that we raise up "a generation of stunted lives, of physical and nervous wrecks of mental invalids and moral cripples." At a later age the young mind is further harmed by "the brutalities of football," just as the Roman youth was corrupted by gladiatorial games. Over hundreds of thousands, and even millions, of the young pass "an industrial juggernaut" —those who, under fifteen years of age, are forced to toil in fields, factories, mines, and workshops. This becomes a veritable "slaughter of the innocents," a sacrifice to "the insatiable Moloch of industry."

Educators have become "narrow-minded pedants," with "dry bones of text-books, the sawdust of pedagogics." Drunk with optimism as this age has become, it fails to realize the degradation and poverty of its life. Superintendents of public schools have become "hopeless Philistines possessed of all the conceit of the mediocre business man." Routine has become their ideal, originality and genius being suppressed and spurned. Superintendents are "proud of the fact that there is not place for genius in our schools." Business men control them—storekeepers, tradesmen, bulls and bears of Wall Street—men who put business above learning, administration above education, discipline and order above genius. These business men "are no more competent to run schools and colleges than astronomers are fit to run hotels and theaters." Hence our country, with individuality crushed and mediocrity at a premium, produces clever business men, cunning artisans, resourceful politicians, but no scientists, artists, or statesmen, no true genius.

We forget that in education it is not knowledge that counts, but originality and independence of thought. These are the very things that are suppressed by our "modern barrack system." The purpose of education is not to create "an intellectual aristocracy," but to bring out individuality and latent powers of genius. The advice of Mill should be followed, his aim being not at athletics, and the art of making money, but at a system by which a great man may be formed. As it was their system of cultivating independent thought that awakened the Greek mind to its highest achievements, so it was the bureaucratic system of the Byzantine period, with its cut-and-dried discipline, that dried up all the sources of Greek genius. Our high schools and universities have become "trade-schools and machine-shops," instead of institutions where learning and truth are taught and respect for them inculcated. In schools where athletics dominate all things no place is left for the cultivation of genius, none to instil into young minds life-long devotion to literature, art, and science.

Dr. Sidis has never known "a single case of nervous or mental trouble caused by too much thinking or overstudy." If a child be not neglected between the second and third year, and its brain be not starved or perverted, but led to exercise its proper functions in intellectual activity, it will "go on by itself" and "derive intense enjoyment from intellectual pursuits," becoming stronger tnd sturdier than the present average child ever can be when "given over to purely animal activities." A child can acquire knowledge with the same ease that it learns to ride a bicycle, or play ball, and by its tenth year can acquire that which at present "the best college graduate obtains with infinite labor and pain."—*Literary Digest.*

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.

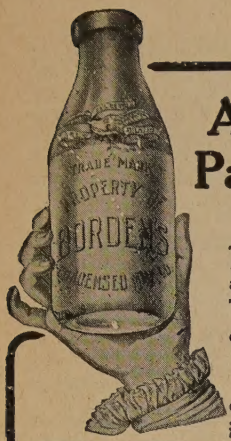
Annual statement of the Adirondack Fire Insurance Company of New York, in the State of New York, on the 31st day of December, 1910, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.	
Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$ 200,000.00
INCOME.	
Premiums received during the year	$ 333,211.99
Interest and dividends	15,785.47
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	211.52
Increase in book value of ledger assets	221.28
Agents balances previously charged off	393.06
Total income	$ 349,823.32
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Losses paid during the year.....	$ 217,419.02
Expenses of adjustment and settlement of losses	2,815.76
Deposit premiums returned	4,553.78
Interest or dividends to stockholders	10,000.00
Commissions or brokerage	87,597.76
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employees	6,794.35
Rents	575.16
Printing and stationery	57.24
Legal expenses	2,544.67
Underwriters' boards, fire department and salvage corps, fees, etc.	1,452.56
State, insurance departments, taxes and fees	6,723.42
Decrease in book value of ledger assets	296.88
Agents' balances charged off.....	216.09
All other disbursements	997.87
Total disbursements	$ 342,044.56
LEDGER ASSETS.	
Book value of bonds and stocks..	$ 315,889.75
Cash in bank	82,595.77
Agents balances	67,137.66
Total ledger assets	$ 465,623.18
NON LEDGER ASSETS.	
Interest due and accrued.....	2,966.67
Gross assets	$ 468,589.85
DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.	
Agents' balances over three months due.. $ 3,656.76	
Book value bonds over market value 18,289.75	
Special deposits to secure liabilities in Georgia 10,800.00	
.....	32,746.51
Total admitted assets	$ 435,843.34
LIABILITIES.	
Losses in process of adjustment or in suspense $22,088.49	
Losses resisted 12,316.74	
Total $34.405.23	
Deduct reinsurance ... 9,721.17	
Net amount of unpaid losses.....	24,684.06
Total unearned premiums	179,753.69
Dividends due	250.00
Salaries, rents, bills, taxes, etc...	19,470.22
Total liabilities	$ 224,157.97
Less liabilities secured by special deposits	1,908.64
Balance	$ 222,249.33
BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.	
Total risks taken during the year..	$1,276,541.00
Total premiums received during the year	16,393.49
Total losses incurred during the year	10,452.41

G. A. MITCHELL, President.
R. H. McKELBY, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of January, 1911.

ANNIE NIEBRUGGE,
(Seal) Notary Public.



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